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Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

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THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

It is also designed to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to Mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., are given in its pages, with correspondence and articles from our foreign chaplains, and from chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical.

THE MAGAZINE is sent to single subscribers for ONE DOLLAR a year, invariably in advance. It will also be furnished to Life Directors and Life Members of the Society, gratuitously, upon annual request for the same.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND is issued as a four page tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished to Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT, a four page sheet, published monthly, will contain brief tales, anecdotes, incidents, etc., and facts relating to the work of the LOAN LIBRARIES issued by the Society. —Any Sabbath-School contributing to the Society \$20, for a LOAN LIBRARY, may receive fifty copies of the LIFE BOAT gratis, monthly, for one year, with postage prepaid.

All Remittances for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in payment of subscriptions to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, or for other purposes, should be sent, for security, by check, draft on New York, or P. O. Money Order,—payable to the order of WILLIAM C. STURGES, Treasurer, at 80 Wall St., New York, N. Y. Acknowledgment of their receipt will be forwarded to the sender by return mail, and if not duly received, the Treasurer should at once be notified. If impracticable to procure checks, etc., the money may be forwarded, but always in a registered letter. All Postmasters are now obliged to register letters when asked to do so, at a fee of ten cents each.

SAILORS' THE MAGAZINE



AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Vol. 54,

MAY, 1882.

No. 5.

FIFTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY.

The Annual Sermon before the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY will be preached, this year, by the Rev. EDWARD B. COE, in the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church, 5th Ave. and 48th Street, New York City, on Sunday Evening, May 7th, at 8 o'clock.

A TERRIBLE TALE OF THE SEA.

In this issue of the MAGAZINE we need do no more than call attention to the following articles from the *N. Y. Maritime Register* of 29th March. This record of cruelty is such that it will bear special reference hereafter.

That was a dreadful story of sea-suffering in our last number,—‘The Loss of the *Almon Bird*,’—but that distress came from the disturbances of Nature, and could not be prevented;—these horrors sprang out of the fiendishness of men, and their report should be sent broadcast,—and effectively employed, henceforth, for the advantage of the sailor.

“There comes from San Francisco a tale of fiendish cruelties which seems almost impossible outside the imagination of a depraved mind. It is an account of a voyage, the like of which it is to be hoped will never occur again. The master, Sparks, and the first and second mates, Watts and Curtis, of the ship *Gatherer*, are charged by the

crew of that vessel with inflicting upon them during the voyage of the ship from Antwerp to Wilmington, Cal., a series of most brutal outrages. The Master is under heavy bonds to await trial in the United States Court, upon these charges, the Second Mate is in jail under the same charge, being unable to secure bail, and the First Mate has escaped and is on his way to Liverpool. It is not right to prejudge any case and we do not propose to do so, here. The necessary steps have been taken to bring this case to trial, and we doubt not that at the right time all the details and truth in the matter will be brought out, and that the passionless law will mete out punishment to the guilty ones. Yet this is a case which even in its present stage is a proper subject for comment. It is not an ordinary instance of harsh treatment, or of blackmail. This is demonstrated by the evidence. The condition of the men themselves, the straightforwardness of their stories, the similarity in the details, the appearance of the maimed and the crazy, the statement of the Third Mate, the admissions of the Second Mate, and the suspicious actions of himself, and Watts, are all a corroboration of the account, and point strongly to the Master and Mates as being guilty of conduct which makes them a disgrace to the American merchant marine. A summary of the statements of the crew will be found elsewhere in this issue. They are simply horrible in their details, revealing a depth of infamy and fiendish brutality that rivals the worst tales of the Inquisition or of Indian outrages. From the accounts it would seem as if the men who delighted in this cruel work were ever trying to invent new means of torture and to make the ship a veritable floating hell. That they succeeded, the suicide of one man, the demented condition of a second, the bruised and blinded condition of others, too well proves. We wish that this was not true, but the evidence is too overwhelming.

“It is inconceivable that such dreadful cruelties could have been practiced, as there is no cause, however aggravating, which could be offered in excuse for them. If one-half that is told against the officers of this vessel is true, the severest punishment which the law can give will not be commensurate with the enormity of their crime. An example should be made of them;—an example which will deter others from following in their steps, and which will impress upon officers of the merchant marine the fact that cruelty to the men must stop. But if the Mates are guilty, the Master is ten times more so. No Master should allow one of his men to be abused. He can prevent it and if he does not, then he is more guilty than the offenders, for the latter could not continue their deviltry without his permission. If the Master is the responsible party, with almost absolute authority granted him in order to secure safety for all on board, surely then he should be held

responsible when his officers continuously commit acts of cruelty, revolting in every particular, which endanger the safety of the ship either by weakening the crew or by driving them to such desperate straits that they can only seek safety in mutiny. This case is only an example of what the practice of ill-treating men on board ship will cause. There is not one excuse for any officer beating a seaman. He has not the authority to do so, and if he does beat the man, he takes the advantage of a coward and strikes one who is powerless to resent the blow. We know the excuse which is given for the ill-treatment of seamen, that the crews are generally made up of worthless, incompetent men whom nothing will induce to work, but kicks and blows. But the weakness of this excuse is self-evident. The standard of workmen is regulated by the demand made upon their skill. If shipmasters take so little interest in their work that they will not exert themselves, or take no time or trouble to try and obtain good men and to support a system that will exclude the bad ones, whose fault is it but their own if crews are bad? They cannot consistently defend themselves when they abuse this bad material; and when, as in the case of the *Gatherer*, they permit their officers to cuff and kick the men, then they are the guilty parties and should be as severely punished as if every blow had been struck by themselves."

CRUELTY TO THE SEAMEN OF THE SHIP GATHERER.

"Captain C. N. Sparks, William Watts, first mate, and Cornelius Curtis, second mate of the ship *Gatherer*, which arrived at Wilmington, Cal., January 17th, from Antwerp, are charged by the crew of that vessel with having treated them with the most fiendish cruelty during the entire voyage. Capt. Sparks and Curtis have been arrested. Watts escaped, and has sailed for Liverpool.

"The statements of the crew are as follows:—Before the *Gatherer* had left the harbor of Antwerp, the cruelty was commenced. Peter Anderson, a sailor, was given a severe beating by the first mate. Turner, another sailor, was pitched by Curtis, the second mate, head foremost from the fore-castle head, down into the fore-castle. On September 15th, John Hansen, a Belgian sailor, who was unable to understand all the orders given him, was beaten by the second mate, Curtis, in a brutal manner; one of his eyes was nearly gouged out. Five days later, a German sailor named William Olsner, was lashed to the rail, while Watts disfigured his face with brass knuckles, fracturing his nose. Charley, a Danish boy, was rendered entirely deaf in one ear by a blow from the mate. On the 1st of October, Watts lashed a heavy capstan bar to the back of Olsner, and made him walk up and down the deck, kicking him as he passed in review. Not content with that, Watts called up a sailor named McCue, another named Peter Anderson, and a boy named George, and together with Olsner, subjected them to treatment of the most revolting nature. The day fol-

lowing, Watts caused McCue and the boy George to be partially stripped, and after fastening straps to their waists, caused one to drag the other along the deck, the mate meanwhile sitting on the one being dragged. The boy George, who was only 18 years of age, shortly after fell into the sea from the mizzen-topsail. Jack de Briand, French sailor, was struck with a belaying-pin by the mate, the blow breaking his nose and injuring his ear. The steward of the ship was also struck over the head, and put in confinement, and left without food for five days. He is now in the County Jail of Los Angeles, a raving lunatic. On November 15th, McCue was partially stripped and fastened by a strap to his waist and raised to the mizzen-stay where he hung with his face downward until he was black in the face, from the rush of the blood to his head. Olof Henry and William Olsner were also treated with brutality during the entire voyage, the former receiving a blow on his head with a belaying-pin, which has rendered him partially demented. Gustav Adlung, who is 18 years of age, states, that on the second day out, Curtis, the second mate, told him to put canvas around the hawsers, and as the work did not suit the mate, he struck the boy in the eye, knocking him down and giving him a black eye. The captain witnessed many of the acts, but took no part to prevent the outrages; on the contrary, he assisted in some of them. On October 27th, Adlung accidentally spilled some tar water on the railing, which was painted white, but he did not notice at the time that he had done so. For this, Watts knocked him down against the bulwarks. While in that position, and unable to help himself, Watts kicked him in the eyes and on the face, and also beat him with his fist. The captain saw the act, but instead of interfering, turned around and laughed. The mate finally ordered Adlung below to his bunk. He asked the captain for medicine, when the latter replied:—‘Go to — and go to work.’ The next morning, while lying in his bunk, unable to see the least thing, with his left eye swollen in such a manner as to form a huge ball, the second mate, Curtis, came down and struck him in the back of the neck, saying:—‘Get out and go on your watch.’ He states that his eyes felt like burning balls of fire, and the pain of the blow was terrible. Adlung was four weeks in bed, during which time the third mate, Driscoll, poulticed the boy’s eye and relieved his sufferings as best he could. After four weeks, when still unable to see anything, he was ordered on deck. At night the mates would order him aloft, out of pure deviltry, and he heard them say:—‘I hope the — will fall down and kill himself.’ Tommy Ung Stang, a Chinaman, who was steward on the vessel, was sick one day and told the captain he could not work. The captain then took him by the hair and dragged him out of his bunk and beat him with knotted ropes, after which he stamped on him and left him lying senseless. He was taken to another place to lay, the captain refusing to allow him to be placed back in his bunk. The Chinaman kept his bed for the rest of the voyage, and was often heard to cry. While lying off Wilmington, the Chinaman was found lying in the hold on the iron rails, his head being crushed and bleeding and the iron wet with blood. It was not known how he came to be in the hold. When he recovered consciousness, he was crazy, and he is now at Los Angeles.

les, insane. William Olsner complained that he did not get anything to eat, when the first mate tied him against the rail and stuffed his mouth with hard-tack and rammed it down with a belaying-pin. The captain and the second mate witnessed the cruel act, but seemed to think it a good joke and laughed at it. One time, Charlie, the Danish boy, was at the wheel, when the captain hit him on the side of the head with a belaying-pin; he could not hear well after that, and there was a discharge from his ear. The first mate always used a belaying-pin in striking, while Curtis used a rope, knotted and soaked in tar.

“When the ship arrived at Wilmington, Adlung was not allowed to go ashore. The men, upon arriving in port, refused to work and demanded their discharge, which was due there, when the captain refused to give them anything to eat, so they were compelled to work. Oculists have pronounced Adlung's eyes incurable, and say that he will become permanently blind. The third mate, John Driscoll, substantiated the statements made by the sailors. The man Hansen, he said, committed suicide because of the cruelty to which he was subjected. Hansen showed him the condition of his body, which was mutilated in a shocking manner. There were cuts large enough to lay a finger in, and at some places the flesh was in shreds. Hansen begged Driscoll to protect him from the mates, but Driscoll was unable to help him, and one evening Hansen deliberately jumped overboard. The boy, Rasmussen, was ordered to paint the bulwarks. He had neglected to paint a small spot when the first mate, Watts, struck him a terrible blow on the left ear, which caused the blood to ooze from that organ, and also fractured a bone in the head, a piece about two inches in length having been extracted from it. Watts also beat him with his fists in the face till the eyes swelled in such a manner as to render him totally blind. While on the poop-deck some time after, the eyes having become inflamed and discolored, Watts tried to lance them with a nail.

“The second mate, Curtis, when arrested, acknowledged that there was cruelty on board, but puts the blame on Watts, declaring himself to be innocent in the matter. His bail was fixed at \$10,000. Captain Sparks was admitted to bail on four charges of cruelty in the sum of \$5,000 each.”

SEAMEN'S NEEDS AND CLAIMS:—

A SERMON

Preached before the Savannah, Ga., Port Society, at its Anniversary in 1882,

BY THE

REV. J. E. L. HOLMES,

Of the Savannah Baptist Church.

Psalms cvi : 23 :—“They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters.”

I have taken it for granted that the aim of the discourse, on this occasion,—as indeed on all occasions whatsoever,—should be to produce practical results. I am to speak about sailors, rather than to sailors, and, if possible, to awaken a deeper interest in their spiritual welfare, as well as in their temporal good.

We believe that all men need the Gospel, whether they live and move on land or sea. And yet there seem to be special reasons why we who live on the land should labor to give the Gospel to those who "go down to the sea in ships." Here are more than three million of our fellow-men whose homes, practically, are the sixty-five thousand ships whose sharp keels are constantly fretting the bosom of the deep. They constitute a distinctly marked class, whose occupations, habits, temptations, dangers, are peculiarly their own. They cannot provide for themselves such religious advantages as we enjoy; we who have fixed homes, we who may invest the accumulations of years in the solid earth, the stately edifice, or the comfortable chapel, and find faith and hope aided by sacred associations, and the constant stimulus of personal ministrations. True, they sometimes have religious services at sea, but these are participated in, ordinarily, under many disadvantages, and with an irregularity corresponding to the various phases of the weather, while their brief and infrequent sojourns on land preclude the possibility of their organizing and perpetuating religious enterprises and associations there. They must look to those who are much more favored than themselves, to those so greatly their debtors, who enjoy the benefit of their labors in the multiform advantages of commerce, to do for them what their circumstances will not allow them to do for themselves.

Their Physical Exposures.

But if their religious advantages are necessarily limited, their needs are, in an inverse proportion, exceedingly great. They are peculiarly exposed to PHYSICAL DANGERS. Whenever we look on any mortal, we may say with truth we know not whether we shall meet him again; every mortal may say of himself as David said when pursued by the wrathful Saul,—“There is but a step between me and death.” But for the sailor, this probability assumes definiteness when there is but a plank to shield him from the great world of waters which are clamoring to engulf him, from the fierce storms which sweep unrestrained and without barriers over the surface of the deep. It is a most suggestive fact that the average life of the seaman is but twenty-eight years, the actual sea-life only eleven. Taken a given number on land and on sea, for every sixteen who die on the shore from ordinary causes, twenty-seven die at sea.

Far too often, it would seem, the Christian world is startled by the report of some marine disaster, when a gallant crew, after a brave but ineffectual struggle with the might of the Main, sink helpless into the depths. A pastor in Brooklyn, New York, a year or two since, preached, on a Sabbath, to an audience of seamen numbering more than one hundred. The next Sabbath he was almost crushed by a sense of his responsibility, as he was told that nearly every one of those hearers of the previous Sabbath had gone down with the ill-fated *Huron*, and from that wreck to the bar of God. But while imagination is, now and then, busy picturing the horrors of such a scene, when scores and hundreds of human beings are hurried together into the world of spirits, almost without warning, and frequently without preparation, with every attendant circumstance that is solemn and awe-inspiring; we forget the far greater number who drop out of sight, singly and silently,

day by day, with no noise of departure but the groan, no sign of their taking off but the bubble. We know well enough the comparative safety of those who travel for business or pleasure over the sea, but we fail to take into account the valuable lives which are sacrificed to guarantee that security. Death is always busy on the deep. While you sleep comfortably, securely, some brave man is swept over by the towering wave, or falls by accident into the watery grave. What is to be done for the sailor, must be done promptly, energetically. The weather-beaten face which you look upon to-day may be to-morrow hid from mortal view forever more.

Their Temptations On Shore.

But if the sailor is peculiarly exposed to physical dangers, he is also especially liable to suffer EVILS STILL GREATER; I say greater, because they affect the spiritual man. His temptations are very great. The irregularity of his life is itself a source of temptation. He passes suddenly from sea to shore, or shore to sea; from storm to calm, or calm to storm. The formation of good habits is attended with extraordinary difficulties; that which would be to one of uniform life a matter of little moment, becomes to this one an almost irresistible temptation. The reaction which follows some moment of extreme danger or trial leaves all the man unnerved, unbraced, and open to every approach of evil, while there are never wanting those who would fatten on his weaknesses, and make iniquitous gain out of his ruin. After the arduous and dangerous voyage, instead of finding solace for his woes, and quiet, peaceful rest for his weariness, in the embraces of his family, or in the bosom of the Home prepared by the zeal and forethought of pious men and women; he is too often welcomed only by those whose aim is to rid him of his hard-earned wages, and for this purpose, to lead him into every excess. To most of them home is a dream rather than a reality, and though the memory of it may often serve as an anchor to the moral life, frequently its ties are relaxed by its remoteness, and its restraining influence altogether lost. The partner whom he may choose, can never really be the sharer of his dangers, nor the companion of his life, and, for the greater part of his time, he is denied the softening, humanizing power which is found in the prattle of his own children.

Many seamen are conscious of the reputation which those of the worse sort have made for the class,—a reputation so commonly undeserved, and where deserved, so much the fault of Christian communities,—and withdraw from such associations as would be wholesome and profitable, so that those who would do them good must seek them. Nor should we overlook the temptations which arise from their influence with one another. As a class,—an isolated class,—they go together, they usually act together. With such persons it costs much to oppose or resist the predominating influence, and, alas! the predominating influence is generally for evil. On the sea, there is reason to fear that constant familiarity with danger shall blunt the sensibilities, and blind the sailor to the fact of the existence of that One who rides in the storm, whose mirror is the great deep,—and that like the physician who, constantly familiar with the human frame, sometimes forgets the soul which animates it, the sailor, while looking on the image of Eternity, may forget the presence of the Invisible.

Able to Appreciate Christ's Gospel.

But not only does the sailor stand in great need of the Christian religion,—NO ONE IS BETTER ABLE TO APPRECIATE OUR RELIGION to no one does it seem to be so great and priceless a boon, when once understood and embraced. We shall not find anywhere piety of a more elevated type than among those who frequent the sea. Their religious experiences are developed under circumstances of extraordinary trial they are correspondingly deep and vivid and real. Their conscious isolation leads them to cling more tenaciously and with firmer trust to that One who chose seamen for His dearest friends. Those who know so well the uncertainty of the billows, know quite as well what it is to stand firmly on the Rock of Ages. It is in the loneliness of the dark night, when the tempest is at its worst, and when hope in man is abandoned, that the angel comes to him, as he did to Paul on the Mediterranean, to whisper of God's care for him. When the eye of faith has been opened, God is apparent in every phase of the sea. His smile is seen in the play of the sunbeam as it kisses the rippling, quivering surface; His peace is felt as the calm of the deep blue below answers to the calm of the arched vault above. Far removed from the scenes of man's little activities, surrounded by all that is vast and mysterious, shut in between the unfathomable depths below, and the still more unfathomable height above, no one seems so near to God as he does. No one has so clear a view of the helplessness of man, and the might of the infinite One, as that man who looks habitually upon the troubled, raging sea.

His Own Illustrates the Christian Life.

HOW WELL, TOO, DOES THE SEAFARING LIFE ILLUSTRATE AND EXPLAIN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE! In the Scriptures, in our religious poetry, almost everything belonging to the well-appointed ship, to the life of the sailor, is used to represent the agencies employed in developing the religious life, in showing the purposes of that life, and the end of that life, and no one can so well understand those analogies as the sailor, no one so profit by them. What the chart is to the sailor, the word is to the Christian; the compass suggests that faith which under all circumstances, amid all changes, is still fixed upon the one Savior, the rudder is the enlightened conscience, guiding the life; the anchor his sure and steadfast hope; the life-boat tells of a Gospel which saves from wrecks even more disastrous than those of the deep; the lighthouse is our religion exemplified in the lives of its followers, and so saving men from the shoals and breakers of life. Every voyage is as the voyage of life over tempestuous seas, every quiet harbor the foretaste of the Haven of eternal rest. And now as ships near our coast, and the pilot boat is sighted, there goes up, often, to the great Pilot, the song and prayer:—

“Jesus, Savior, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding treacherous rock and shoal,
Chart and compass come from thee,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me!”

Every stormy sea may suggest Him who by a word stilled the sea, and who can as easily still the tumults of the human soul. Said a sailor to me a few months ago:—"It was off the coast of Portugal that I first thought seriously of my soul. The storm was violent, so violent that it seemed as though all would go to the bottom. Then I thought of His power; His power to still the sea; His power to save the soul. And with the coming calm, His peace entered into my soul, and all was calm within as without. O I shall not forget how beautiful the sea and the Heavens seemed then, nor how great was the joy that came from trusting Him."

It Emphasizes Faith.

So, TOO, THE CHRISTIAN SAILOR GIVES US THE CLEAREST VIEW OF FAITH. In a prayer meeting in Boston, not long since, a sailor rose and said:—"Brethren we need to take hold of Christ with the death-grip. As we were coming home, one of our men fell overboard. A rope was thrown to him, and the poor fellow knowing this was his only hope, seized it with so much earnestness and held to it with so much tenacity that when he was drawn on deck, we found it difficult to loosen his hold, and when we did so, we noticed that the threads of the rope were actually imbedded in the flesh. O brethren, it was the death-grip; and we need to take hold of Christ with the death-grip, knowing that He is our only hope." Does the sailor sometimes sigh as he thinks of the cruel wrecks of the deep, how it is itself a vast charnel house for the unknown dead, as he thinks of the separations made by the vast expanse of waters,—let him hear John saying, in Revelation, as he speaks of the blessed life above:—"there was no more sea,"—no wrecks, no separations, no sea,—up there.

Missionaries For Christ.

Nor should we forget that CHRISTIAN SEAMEN ARE OUR BEST MISSIONARIES. Sailors go everywhere, sailing all oceans, touching all lands, speaking many languages, and the light which they receive is distributed over the globe. Statistics would show that they have been largely instrumental in originating and carrying on religious work in those far-off ports at which they touch. This is notably true of the Sandwich Islands, now a recognized Christian State. There the great work of evangelization is said to have begun with the religious efforts among the seamen, and four of the native Kings have received their early religious training in the Sunday School of the Seamen's Bethel. A pious American picked up in the streets of Constantinople a profane, wicked, but seriously-ill sailor; nursed him, and while caring for the body, looked after the welfare of the soul. They separated, and the incident was almost forgotten by one of the parties, when there came reports of the great religious work that the rescued sailor was doing in one of the isles of the Pacific.

What Shall Be Done For Them, By Christians?

We have seen how much the sailor needs the gospel, in view of the dangers and temptations to which he is exposed; how well prepared he is to appreciate the gospel when once the good news has been heard; and what valuable service he may render in illustrating and dispens-

ing religious truth:—it is time now we should ask, *what, in the light of these facts, is our duty, as Christian men and women, to these seamen?*

The condition of the perishing millions who live in far-off lands, and who are without the gospel, appeals to our humanity, and stirs our religious sympathies. We cheerfully, and according to our ability, organize enterprises for their benefit.

But these seamen have stronger, more urgent claims. They are not only men needing the gospel, but they are “the Greeks at our doors;” more still, men who, in an important sense, risk and sacrifice their lives for us,—those, for the most part, of our own race, with national and local ties, bound to us by a thousand considerations of interest and affection.

Nor are they, as some seem to think, a class of mere adventurers; or, on the other hand, servile spirits, without any earnest or noble purpose in life. They are generally found to be men of generous impulses and large hearts, who have chosen the sea because their daring spirits and ardent natures have lead them to seek there more congenial associations, and a life of more intense experiences. There is often in those very qualities which incline them to the sea, and fit them for the sea, the foundation for exalted character and great usefulness. But if we would best fit them for their positions, if we would make them all they are capable of being, let us give them the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

It is said that Constantine the Great was first moved to consider the merits of the Christian religion, because the Christian soldiers in his army proved to be the best soldiers. Who can doubt that CHRISTIAN SEAMEN would make the best seamen? Only a few days ago, a captain said to the chaplain of this port, while pointing to some of his crew, “I have no trouble with those men; they are Christians.” And how great would be the effect upon our whole marine service, and all those connected with it, if we should send out a host of devout, converted seamen! It was for that purpose your society was organized; it is is to secure that end that our labors should be directed.

How, indeed, should the care of governments, and men of the world who interest themselves in the temporal welfare of seamen, at once put us to shame and stimulate us? The Life Saving Service is constantly increasing in efficiency. In one year, this Service rescued from watery graves more than two thousand men. It is always diligent. But we have the true life saving service, the blessed, the everlasting salvation. How vigilant ought we to be? Even when no storm is apparent at sea, and no breakers visibly threatening, the danger is great and men are perishing; nor is there any hope for them except in this salvation. Has not God placed us all under the most mighty obligations to join His life saving service?

From sunset to sunrise, the light from numerous light-houses is sent far out over the deep. And as there is no cessation of the light, so there is no dimness or imperfection; from sunset to sunrise the light is always bright, always bright when men need it. But where are our religious light-houses? our Bethels? our Homes? How often is their light allowed to grow dim, or go out altogether? Has not God given to us His truth in trust? Has He not said that it shall be a light to

lighten the nations? And shall we be guiltless, if we make no effort to give the light to our fellow men who are in darkness on the deep sea?

The English sailor as he looks at the mark which every English ship bears on it to-day, thinks with gratitude of the sailor's friend; ought we not to teach him to think more gratefully of that other Friend who has shown His love for him by sacrificing everything, even life itself? And ought we not to labor zealously till Jesus shall be the real commander of every ship, and all on the sea, His?

The Way To Personal Duty.

But some may be asking,—*how can we do anything towards the accomplishment of an end so desirable?*

Take advantage of every good opportunity to speak a seasonable word to the sailors with whom you may come in contact. Let them realize that you are sincerely and deeply interested in them. You will find them much more accessible than you had supposed. One judicious, kindly word, prayerfully spoken, may, in God's hands be the means of saving a soul. A few years ago, a friend of mine had occasion to write to a captain who had just brought us safely into port, after a long and rough voyage, over a stormy sea, and in closing, he expressed the hope that the Great Captain might deal as kindly with our friend as he had dealt with us on the sea, and bring him as safely into the Heavenly port. It was a very simple thing to do, but the reply of the captain showed that that letter was not without its effect. He has since, I doubt not, been sailing under the banner of our King, and every voyage brings him nearer home.

And if you cannot by personal efforts aid in the religious work among seamen,—help and encourage others who give themselves to the work. All religious enterprises already organized for the benefit of the seamen need to be sustained with a more liberal hand. They should be rendered more efficient and may be made so by hearty sympathy and timely contributions. Here in our own city, the Port Society was never in more pressing need. Its plans have never been perfected, its work has been from time to time seriously embarrassed. It calls loudly for help. You can render the assistance it needs.

Even if the existing organizations could be brought to a higher plane of efficiency, they would be all too few to meet the demands. Every year the field is enlarging, constantly the need of more active, vigorous efforts is made more apparent. Let me beg you to consider honestly, in the light of eternity, your duty to those who "go down to the sea in ships!"

ANIMAL LIFE AT SEA.

Rev. Dr. H. C. McCook, of Philadelphia, one of whose specially fresh letters from Europe to the *Presbyterian*, was published in the *MAGAZINE* for March, in crossing the ocean did not forget his home-studies, but writes under the above heading:—

"In the 'great and wide sea' ing innumerable, both small and beneath us there 'are things creep- great beasts.' But we have not

been so fortunate as to see any of these except two. One of these is found at the very lowest point of the zoological pyramid. Occasionally I have seen a phosphorescent light gleaming in the water-ways (gutters) after the ship had taken in a sea. A flash,—and it was gone through the scupper. But it betrayed the presence of some of those strange creatures, bits of animated jelly, to whom is due the well-known phosphorescence of the sea. Myriads of these animals will sometimes light up the wake of a vessel with their tiny lamps. I have sat upon the Long Branch coast and watched the breakers come in, bearing so many of these little beings that the crests of the waves, as they combed over, fairly glowed. These are some of the 'innumerable small beasts' of which the Psalmist (*Ps. civ.: 25*) sings.

"Another sea-animal seen on our voyage, one of the 'great beasts' of the Psalmist, lies far up the zoological pyramid among the vertebrates—the porpoise, the *Phocaena Communis* of the ichthyologist. As I watched one of these animals cutting through the water close to the vessel's side, the contour of the head and back gave striking testimony to the correctness of its name—porpoise, the *Porc-poisson* (hog-fish) of the French, the *Meerschwein* of the Germans. One school of porpoises which we passed must have been half a mile long, and all along the line were individuals bending their backs above the surface with that peculiar curving sweep which has originated the proverb, 'Roll like a porpoise.' Our captain tells me that on long sea-voyages the sailors catch the porpoise for food. It is treated like 'jerked' meat; that is, cut into strips and hung up in

the sun until all the oil has been drawn to the surface, where it cakes into a hard black mass. When prepared for table the strips are sliced, the black rind cut off, and the white tender flesh broiled. It is then quite appetizing, and is a great relish for sailors who have long been without fresh meat.

"The sea-birds have been an unfailing source of pleasure to me. I never tire watching the graceful motions of the common sea-gulls (*Larus Canus*) as they sail over the steamer's wake or float upon the billows. They sail round and round, crossing the wake again and again in spirals, never seeming to weary, and never falling behind, except when they settle upon particles of the ship's wastage to feed. There is a vast quantity of waste food in a vessel like this. A crew of a hundred men and more than forty passengers leave many scraps of bread, meat and vegetables to go out of the 'shoots' to feed the fishes, Mother Cary's chickens and gulls. When the saloon is well filled the table-waste is enormous, as the cuisine is on the style of a first-class American hotel. The gulls appear to get the chief portion of this refuse. They skim above the surface and pick up the crumbs, or alight upon the sea with their wings still expanded, or settle in the water and feed as they swim. They seem to know the meal hours,—at least they invariably appear in greater numbers when the time comes for throwing out the garbage. Occasionally they quarrel over their food, and utter harsh cries as they beat their wings and scramble over one another amidst the tossing waves. Now and then a fortunate bird seizes a goodly morsel and flies away with it, followed by a score of hungry scavengers in close pursuit. One

gull thus pursued, dropped a bit the size of a walnut, which another gull swooped down upon, caught in its beak before it had fallen ten feet, and sped away, gulping down the captured morsel as she flew. The wing power of these birds is wonderful; they beat up against the strongest gale, and are equally at home in tempest and calm. They are as facile in their motion on the sea as in the air; they skim over the crests of the wildest seas, and ride fearlessly upon the boiling waves, the very ideal of graceful motion.

"I have not lost sight of them a single day since we left port. They are on the Delaware, hovering over the very wharves of Philadelphia. Vast numbers congregate above the banks of Newfoundland, and here I noticed some of a dark brown color, a few of which I have occasionally seen since. Most of them are white, but many are pearl or dove-colored on the back and upper wings; all have two black stripes, like a corporal's chevrons, on the neck, and black feathers at the tips of the wings. I tried, by noting the little differences in the color-markings, to determine whether the same gulls have followed us during the voyage, or how far they have kept us company. I feel pretty sure that for two or three days the same birds have been in our wake, but have no doubt that they are continually changing. They are scattered all over the ocean in the broad track which the ships take, fly toward any vessel that they sight, and change or keep their course according to the dictates of hunger. It would be interesting to know how long they can keep wing without resting on the sea, how long they rest, and whether, after a long nap, they can again find the wake of a ship.

"Gulls abound along the coast of England. The mouth of the Thames is thronged by a large black-backed species (*Larus Maximus*,) which are known in cockney Londonese as the 'Cob.' These birds are protected by law at Queenstown, as they are regarded as the scavengers of the harbor. However, they are not dependent upon human garbage for food, the appetite for which is doubtless an acquired one. Their natural food is small fishes, crustaceans, &c., cast to the surface by the waves. The sailors sometimes capture them when on long voyages, fishing for them with a hook baited with pork. Is this the origin of the word 'gulled,' as applied to an easily-deceived human creature? When cooked, the gull has a strong, fishy taste, which needs to be corrected by a liberal use of that traditional dressing of water-fowl,—onions. The breeding-places of these interesting birds are sandy and barren islands, and their nests are commonly very simple structures. I do not know how soon their young seek their own fortunes on the sea, but I have noticed half-grown birds among the flocks in our wake.

"Another bird that has been a subject of study from our deck is the Stormy Petrel, or Mother Cary's chicken. Its scientific name, (*Thalassidroma Pelagica*,) as my young classical readers will perceive, has a double flavor of the ocean. It is less than half the size of the gull, and has black body and wings and white breast. Its habits are almost the same as the gull's, its food being small fish, molluscs, &c., thrown up by the waves. The masses of floating algae are a favorite feeding-ground. The traditional and poetical theory for the presence of this bird in the wake of ships is that it is a harbinger of

storms; but the prosaic fact is that it is a sea-scavenger, and relishes the refuse tidbits thrown overboard. I have seen but a few of these birds, as they are not fond of these cold skies, and fly to southerly and warmer latitudes. Captain Dodge told me that his men once captured a fishing-eagle, probably our common bald eagle, (*Haliaeetus Leucocephalus*,) who swooped down upon one of these chickens and carried it to the top-gallant cross-trees of the steamer's foremast to devour. After the banquet the eagle kept his high perch until nightfall, when one of the seamen went aloft, slipped his hat over the royal bald-head, and brought him to the deck. He was caged and fed until the ship reached Philadelphia, when he was sent to the Zoological Garden, where his kingship probably still is imprisoned, and mayhap longs for 'a life on the ocean wave' and a bit of tender Mother Cary's chicken.

"In this catalogue of animal life I suppose the ship's cats should be reckoned. There are three of them, one of whom, 'Kate,' is a saloon passenger, apparently; the others may have shipped as steerage or seamen. Kate knows the merits of a saloon cushion, as well as any other passenger; has got quite beyond sea-sickness (if she ever experienced it,) and is entirely at 'home on the rolling deep,' for I saw her lately galloping over the quarter-deck in a brisk squall. The presence of pussy suggests the presence of pussy's special relish, the mouse and rat. I have not seen any such vermin, but as I have read of 'rats deserting the sinking ship' I suppose these rodents must sometimes frequent modern vessels. If any are aboard the *Pennsylvania*, they must find

a little rodent paradise among the tons of grain in the hold.

"The entomologist could hardly hope to find a wide field for study in such an environment as this, although there is no telling what might turn up if he could explore the depths of the great hull. Commerce has been a great distributor of insect life, and many a cosmopolitan 'bug' owes its wide distribution to the ships of men. The little red ant of our cupboards is one of these rascally stow-aways. The Colorado potato beetle is or will be another. No vigilance can prevent them stealing a passage. Some time ago the German government tried to quarantine American potatoes (if I remember rightly) in order to keep out this pest. But Captain Dodge tells me that numbers of them flew upon the masts, rigging and decks of his steamer while lying at port! So of many other ships, and thus away go the insect stow-aways to prey upon the potato fields of Ireland and Germany.

"Spiders, too, are distributed by ships. Several years ago I traced one species (*Sarotes Venatorius*) by specimens entirely around the world, both in the line of the Northern and Southern Trade winds. They made this circumnavigation doubtless partly by ships, partly by their own aeronautic flight. Our captain has found the masts of a ship in which he was sailing covered with floating spider webs more than two hundred miles from land. This is a much greater distance than Dr. Darwin's observation when voyaging in the *Beagle*—sixty miles. And here, as I talk, is a little voyager in the captain's cabin, a young medicinal spider (*Tegenaria Medicinalis*,) who has woven her pretty web in the corner, stretched her

silken canvas, perched upon her tiny tubular tower, and is on the outlook for those flies buzzing in this December sun. Verily, she 'taketh hold with her hands, and is in king's palaces!' 'These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season. That thou givest them, they gather.' "

From the New York Evening Post, April 7th, 1882.

MODERN CRUSOES.

THE STORY OF THE CREW OF THE BARK TRINITY.

Captain Williams, of the bark *Trinity*, which went ashore on Heard's Island, in the South Indian Ocean, and then when abandoned drifted away, has given the following account of the adventures of himself and crew, which we take from the *Philadelphia Times*:—

"The *Trinity*, which was a bark of about 300 tons burthen, reached Heard's Island on October 2nd, 1880. The crew, who had come after sea-elephant oil, labored for some days with only moderate success, as the seals are no longer so abundant as formerly upon the coasts of the island. On October 17th, the severe gale which had been blowing for three days set in with increased fury, and the vessel dragged into four fathoms of water, and the crew, in order to preserve their lives, were obliged to run her aground. There were thirty-five men aboard, and knowing that there was no chance of the vessel again getting afloat in a seaworthy condition, they at once set to work removing the stores to the island.

"After a hard day's work, during which seven of them froze their limbs badly, they succeeded in saving their cooking utensils, tools, arms, and ammunition, and a full three months' supply of provisions from the vessel. The most serious loss to the sailors, of the goods

taken from the ship, was a cask containing three hundred pounds of tobacco, which was washed away while the men were getting it into one of the ship's boats. On the island they found a number of log huts erected by former whalers, as the island has until recently been a popular resort of seamen because of the sea-elephant oil obtained there. On the night of October 17th, the men, obliged to quit work, left the vessel at anchor. The next morning she had drifted to sea at high tide with a westerly gale and was out of sight. No trace of her has since been discovered. Captain Williams, knowing the island was so far removed from the ordinary steamship routes that rescue from this source was impossible, realized that they would have to wait until some stray whaler touched at the island, and made preparations for a long stay.

"The island was diligently surveyed and was found to be about thirty miles long by three broad. The northern and eastern portions were clear, but the southern end was covered with immense glaciers. A volcano on the island was constantly smoking, but no serious eruptions occurred. The first care of the men was to look for food, but the most protracted search failed to discover anything edible except the fat and flesh of the sea-elephants, the sea cabbage which

grew on the coast, the eggs of the penguins, with the birds themselves, which were found upon the island in great numbers. On January 30th, 1881, the first misfortune of the little colony occurred. Two of the seamen, Bernard Kelly and George Watson, who were exploring the southern end of the island in search of food, failed to return, and were found frozen to death, having perished while crossing one of the glaciers. The survivors were much disheartened by this accident, and every care was taken to prevent its recurrence. In order that no chance of escape should be lost, the men were organized into regular lookout squads, and all day the surrounding ocean was scoured in every direction by the anxious eyes of the watchers.

"They had not been long on the island when the southern watch reported a sail in sight. The captain and crew rushed eagerly to the point, but by the time of their arrival, the reported sail was clearly discernible through Mate Keeny's glass, the only one on the island, as a mammoth iceberg, whose peculiar shape formed a striking resemblance to a two-masted vessel. As the months went by, the men became almost disheartened. The clothing which they had saved from the ship was so patched and mended as to be scarcely recognizable, but the wearing out of their shoes gave them the most serious alarm. The sharp ice and lava so cut the soles that to mend them with leather was unavailing, and the feet of the seamen were encased in strips of iron wrapped about what remained of their shoes, with heavy iron plates for soles.

"Months passed, and not a sail appeared in the horizon. The ship's stores, although carefully

economized, were soon practically exhausted, and the men reduced to the island bill of fare. In speaking of the diet, Captain Williams said:— 'Oh, the penguin eggs were good enough, and the sea-cabbage was not so bad; but the penguins themselves were like rank leather, and as for the sea-elephant blubber, you could eat by hard labor a cubic foot of it, and would feel as hungry and weak as when you began.' In spite of the privations of the crew, they remained cheerful, and there was no attempt at insubordination. The days passed very monotonously, but the men took all of the sea-elephants which they could capture, and succeeded in filling 500 barrels with oil, in addition to that which furnished them with light and fuel during their stay. This was about their only occupation. 'We put in our time,' said Captain Williams, 'in talking about how we should manage to get away, and what we would do and eat when we were away, and in hunting grub to keep us alive for the present. Our plans were innumerable, but no one could suggest any attempt at escape which would not lead to certain failure, and death upon the ocean.'

"Finally, on January 13th, 1882, fifteen months after they were cast away, the watch on the southern part of the island discovered a sail in the distance. There was no mistake this time, and climbing over the glaciers, the captain and crew soon reached the point at which the vessel,—a United States man-of-war,—was clearly visible. A tattered blanket was hoisted upon a pole, and after hours of torturing suspense, the vessel made signs of its discovery. The glaciers on the southern shore were, however, so abrupt that no landing

could be effected, and the vessel tacked about and in the evening anchored at some distance from the eastern shore. All night she lay there, and the castaways, thinking that she might not really intend to take them off, indulged in an unusually large sea-elephant oil bonfire to attract her attention. Morning came, and the Crusoes could see the mariners on board of the naval corvette leisurely going about their duties, apparently oblivious of their isolated countrymen. Finally, at about 8 o'clock in the morning, the marines manned a boat with extreme coolness and deliberation, one of the mates picking his teeth, after having enjoyed a good breakfast, climbed down into the boat, and all hands pulled leisurely for the island. This calm and deliberate behavior was by no means calculated to soothe the feelings of the excited Crusoes, and many of them feared that the man-of-war would not take them away. Captain Williams, however, all along held to a sort of lingering belief that the visitors had come in special search for himself and crew.

"Halting cautiously at a respectful distance from shore, the mate hailed the castaways by informing them that he belonged to the United States war corvette *Marion*, Commander Terry, and in conclusion bawled lustily, in a tone of remonstrance, 'Well, who are you?'

"'I'm Captain Williams, of the bark *Trinity*!' shouted the New London commander.

"'Where's the bark?' yelled the cautious mate.

"'Gone out to sea,' came the responding shout.

"'Well, now, and what do you want, anyhow?' thundered the mate, apparently at a loss to conjecture the need of the exiles.

"'I want to get away,' shouted the captain, who was becoming impatient at this by-play.

"'Well, I guess we'll take you,' said the mate, and the crew, pulling ashore, soon transferred the castaways to the vessel.

"Captain Williams, who had all along suspected that the mate's delay was a seaman's practical joke, at once inquired whether the *Marion* had not come in search of his crew. He was finally told that such was the case, and that the plea of his faithful wife in Niantic, Connecticut, who, never despairing of her husband, had petitioned the Secretary of the Navy to send a vessel to Heard's Island in search of him, was what he had to thank for his rescue. At the time of the arrival of the *Marion*, the thirty-three members of the crew were all in good health, and, although thin and wasted, had not actually suffered from want of food. The supply of penguin eggs was, however, perceptibly diminishing, and Captain Williams feels assured that the crew would have perished after a few months' longer suffering on the island."

The Peace of God.

The child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest,
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He has no store,—he sows no seed,
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed;
By flowing stream or grassy mead
He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs;
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will!

Isaac Williams,

For the Sailor's Magazine.

A Sabbath-Keeping Captain.

An article under the above heading, which appeared in your February number interested me, inasmuch as I chanced to know the Captain referred to. The writer commences by saying he once knew the Captain of a sperm-whaler in the Pacific whose name was MORGAN, and gives an account of the conversion of the Captain and his subsequent steadfast adherence to his duty as a Christian, a very important part of which was that he would not lower his boats on the Sabbath.

Fifty years ago this coming summer, while cruising for sperm whales off Japan, we fell in with this same Captain MORGAN, then in command of the British whaleship *Royal Sovereign*, and known wherever he went, as a Christian, who believed nothing was gained by violating the Divine command, "Remember the Sabbath day." His success as shown by the narrative in question, proved that he was none the loser by his obedience.

There has been a deal of discussion as to the right and wrong of taking whales on the Sabbath. The general opinion prevails that if whales are seen on Sunday it is the whaler's right to take them. From this a few dissent. Some years since I was one of a ship's company sailing from an eastern port for the South Atlantic on a hunt for a cargo of oil and whalebone. On the first day out all hands were mustered to be made acquainted with the rules and regulations for the voyage, an important part of which was that no work, except from necessity, would be required on Sundays, lowering for whales especially included. Arrived on the whaling ground, work began in earnest, the six day rule working well. The season closing at Patagonia, we crossed to the Falkland Islands, where work was successfully resumed, leaving the ship snugly moored in harbor and cruising for whales among the group in our tender.

On one of our cruises we were absent from the ship an entire week, with hard

work and no luck. Saturday night found us with an empty blubber-room and provisions nearly exhausted,—rendering an early return to the ship necessary. As somewhat heavy hearted we sought the shelter of one of the fine harbors with which the Falklands abound, Sunday opened calm and bright. Our schooner lay quietly at anchor. Early in the day a large whale was discovered quite near, causing no little stir among the men, one of whom was a boatsteerer,—recently taken from a homeward bound ship, that had lowered her boats on all days alike, but with poor success. It was easy to see that he was foremost in the excitement, which soon became so intense that the Captain put the question:—"Boys, do you wish to go for that fellow?" "Yes sir," was the quick reply. "Well, see how many will volunteer to go." Down goes the boatsteerer to the forecastle, where most of the men had retired. After a time he returned, saying he had obtained enough to man two boats. "Very well," replied the Captain,— "will the officers go?" "Oh, I don't know, sir, about that."

At this the chief mate, a veteran whaler, who was standing near by, with the second and third mates, declared he would not go, and all three retired to the cabin. "You know, boys," said the captain, "I cannot allow the boats to go without their officers, and you see they decline. We have done well working six days in the week. Let's keep our Sundays, and let the whale have his day of rest." All soon became quiet, as the whale moved out of sight, and the day passed pleasantly away.

Monday morning came to us, bright and beautiful, and with the dawn came the whale, or another. Down went our four boats, and at breakfast the boys had only to relate the various incidents of their capture and congratulate themselves on being able now to return to the ship, with a hundred and thirty barrel prize. In due time we arrived home with a full cargo of near 4,000 barrels, not a barrel off which was taken on Sunday.

J. W. B.

New London, Conn.

"Father" Coan on The Magazine, The Sea, The Sailor, and
Loan Library Work—A "Live" Octogenarian.

There are a few ripened souls, in this world, whose every word breathes out the mellowness of the land from which they are not "very far off." Such an one, our readers know, is Rev. TITUS COAN of the Hawaiian Islands, and we will not withhold from them anything of the last epistle which has come to us, from his hands.

"HILO, HAWAII, Feb. 12th, 1882.

"This is the Lord's Day, and the Lord is sending rain upon Hilo. So heavy is the storm that not a bell has moved its tongue to call the people to public worship. This is, I think, the first Sabbath that I have remained at home on account of rain for nearly forty-seven years.

"But like all the works and dispensations of God, it has its compensations. My precious wife, just rising from a couch of extreme languishing after a severe illness of forty days, and her sister, Miss ELIZABETH BINGHAM, are the only occupants, with me, of our 'Emerald Bower,' and we have read with intense interest, and not without tears, the SAILORS' MAGAZINE for January, 1882.

"This Magazine is always full of interest to me, as I was born and have spent most of my life of EIGHTY-ONE years within sight and sound of the foaming surf and rolling billows of the sea. Consequently I have met many thousands of sailors.

"Your first article, (January No.), 'There is Sorrow on the Sea,' is sustained by such an array of painful facts as to draw tears from all but dazed eyes, and sympathy from all but petrified hearts. The "Appeal of the U. S. Life Saving Service" ought to awaken a profound sensation in the U. S. Congress, as it should in the hearts of all philanthropists.

"We know that all is not 'sorrow on the sea.' The waters of our world bear in their bosom much that is grand, beautiful, joyous and sublime. We sometimes hear 'the floods lift up their voice in loud acclaim' to Him who tuned their diatonic scale, from the soft murmur of the summer wavelet to the mighty thunder-note of the mountain billow.

"What more beautiful, indeed, than the sight of a gallant ship, under a cloud of white sails, gliding by night over a tropical sea, under the vaulted blue bespangled with brilliant and glistening gems, pursuing her way through the liquid deep, and leaving a white path sparkling with phosphorescent brilliants behind! And how cheering to hear the sons of the deep break the stillness of the night-watches with songs of praise to Him who rules

the raging sea, and stills the roaring wave!

"We now have a few thousand such voices in our marine choir, and when 'the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto God,' there will be a sound as of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying,—'Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!' for He shall reign over sea and land.

"We cannot forget the sailor. He is our brother. He is one of us, and we want to meet him in Heaven, on that 'sea of glass,' which Jesus saw. And we want to hear his harp of gold, and view his ineffable smile of joy lighting up in angelic beauty that face so often bronzed with heat and cold and begrimed with cold spray.

"We admire that excellent letter,—'Full and By,'* from a sailor to his halting comrade. Such appeals will, under God, reclaim more than one half-shipwrecked seaman.

"But let me come to the point. On reading the MAGAZINE, during this dark and stormy day, our little trio agreed to send to your Society another mite to launch one more 'Loan Library' upon the waves. And my dear wife, with the spirit of her devoted father, HIRAM BINGHAM, now in Heaven, gave five dollars, her sister Elizabeth gave five, and your correspondent ten. This, I think, will be the third sum, (of like amount) sent from Hilo for the Loan Library work.

"It gives us joy to see that the Seamen's Cause is attracting more and more attention. We feel sure that it deserves more sympathy and material help than it has yet had. But 'the world moves,' and its multimorph and diversified interests are moving together. Nor will the movement go backward, or cease, until Satan is cast out of this vineyard of the LORD, and the banner of victory shall wave, and the shout of triumph shall roll around the Earth.

"Yours, for the watery world and for the solid land,—

TITUS COAN."

* SAILORS' MAGAZINE, January, '82, p. 15.

Obituary.

FREDERICK O. NEILSON.

In "Notes of Fifty Years' Efforts for the Welfare of Seamen," published in 1878, by this Society,—under the heading,— "1841-2," we find the first mention of NEILSON, as follows:—

"Two pious Swedish sailors, converted to Christ in New York, were this year sent to their native country, to labor in behalf of seamen. Their names were FREDERICK O. NEILSON and OLOF PETERSEN. They were striking monuments of the grace of God, in their own personal experience, and equally so in being raised up to a service of eminent usefulness in the cause of the Redeemer, and were commissioned by the Board to labor under the direction of Rev. GEORGE SCOTT, of Stockholm."

Thenceforward, for years, the pages of this compendium from the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and from the Annual Reports, attest to remarkable displays of divine grace in connection with the labors of these men, especially with those of Neilson. "In one place," in Sweden,—this is a single record,— "he left some twenty spiritual children, in another about fifty, and in four other places, about two hundred." No wonder that a companion of his in those days, speaks of him, now that he has gone from the world, as "swallowed up in the conversion of sinners."

In 1850-1, the success of this Christian sailor in bringing souls to JESUS had been such as to arouse the intolerance of the Swedish Government, and he was forced to cease his labors in behalf of seamen. The work before quoted has this paragraph:—

"He was thrown into prison, tried, condemned, and banished from the kingdom for the sole crime of preaching and distributing religious books! On the eve of his departure he wrote,— 'I am happy that I have been allowed to labor in my humble way in Sweden for more than eleven years. Glory be to God! Souls have been converted through such an unpolished shaft, and not a few of those are already in Heaven. I shall commence at Copenhagen, as soon as I am driven from Sweden. And it shall be my greatest joy to serve a Society so eminently Christian

and above party feeling as is the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. I will with the help of God endeavor to give myself more fully to the work of Christ among seamen wherever I go.' During the period of his labors several million pages of tracts, and more than ten thousand copies of the Bible were distributed by him, and some hundreds of souls were hopefully brought to Christ."

In 1853-4, having labored efficiently in Denmark, after his expulsion from Sweden, Neilson was called to conduct not less than a hundred of the persecuted Christians of his native country to the United States, and the entry in "Notes of Fifty Years' Efforts" is:—"He arrived with his flock at New York, having had an interesting work of grace on the voyage among passengers and crew, and departed with them to the Western States, where he has since labored as a missionary to his countrymen."

In 1863, Neilson took up again his old work in Sweden, the edict of banishment against him having been revoked by the King, upon his petition,—having his appointment as seamen's missionary to Gothenberg and vicinity, from our own Board of Trustees, December 10th. Here he continued for years, his earnest labors so fruitful of good for the Kingdom of Christ that two assistants were provided, who wrought for sailors under his direction. In 1868-9, we find him giving himself yet more closely to work for his fellow seamen in Southern Swedish ports, until on the 20th August of the latter year he made a full end of such exertion, and fixed his abode, after thirty years of faithful effort in Sweden and Denmark, in the State of Minnesota, settling there that he might promote the emigration of his countrymen to the United States. Since that time, he has remained at the West in the quiet of a peaceful old age.

It is not in our power to name the birthday (though it was in 1812) of this zealous saint, but we set down here the fact that his earthly course is at an end, he having died at his home, October 21st, 1881.

The busy life is ended, and after it, he "sleeps well," for he sleeps in Jesus. A friend who was his companion and fellow-laborer for years, has recently given to us some details of his conversion to Christ, in 1834, and of the steps through which he went forward in his shining pathway of toil for his Master, which we hope to print, in our next issue. It is not

the least of the things for which, under God, the church universal is indebted to the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, that it has given to the world, not seldom, such eminent examples of consecration and success as that which we have outlined. That truth is a part of its own claim upon the people of God, of whatever communion.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Belgium.

ANTWERP.

Rev. ARTHUR POTTS, chaplain, writing over the heading—"The Prayer Meeting," says:—

"There are certain peculiarities, in which our chapel-meetings differ from most church meetings. One is the constant change in the material.

"If it were not for a small land force, which remains unchanged,—the chaplain might often imagine that he was in a new field, most of the persons present having arrived in port since the last week, and those who were with us then having sailed. Of course, as might be expected, this brings us great variety, and I have not yet been present at what might be called a dull meeting.

"Entertaining Angels."

"Often it is felt that we are entertaining angels in the person of some of the Lord's servants, who give evidence that they not only have life but power. We always have present seamen who are ready to take part in prayer, often remarkable for piety and pathos. Frequently we have men of much experience, who have been a number of times across the seas, and have reports to bring from 'Bethels' all over the world. If a good work is going on in Australia or San Francisco, it moves Antwerp.

No Sailors' Meeting Ever Small.

"Referring to the opportunity the sail-

or had for great Christian usefulness, the chaplain, not long ago, reminded the sailors and captains of the wonderful influence of that meeting in Jerusalem when the Holy Spirit being poured out on Christians from all parts of the world, they carried the blessing with them to their homes when they returned. He said that the very meeting where they were then praying might be sending the Gospel to some souls at the end of the earth. Therefore a sailors' meeting need never be called small, however few were in attendance, since if but two were present its influence might extend to the remotest corner of the globe.

Praying against Unbelief and Passion.

"On one occasion some one had been praying that the sailor might be delivered from the perils of the sea, when a sailor followed in prayer, asking for protection from worse perils than wind or wave, in the passions of his own heart, and the uncertain waves of unbelief.

A Sailor Illustration.

"Another, while making some remarks full of good things, said:—'A Christian must learn to make progress toward Heaven both through prosperity and adversity, for the Lord intended that his temptations should help him forward as much as his mercies.' In illustration he said the sailor would be badly off if his sails were made of sheet iron and could only be set one way, and catch the breeze when it blew from one direction. He needs canvas sails so that he can set them to profit by every breeze.

The Call on Sympathy—Prayers for Rulers.

"We find our place of prayer good for the cultivation of the sympathies. Prayer is made for those who have just sailed, thanks returned for safe arrivals as new faces are seen among us.

"Earnest prayer was offered for the life of President GARFIELD, thanks returned for the deliverance of the Queen of England. The maimed in the Hospital, sufferers from last winter's terrible storms, are remembered, and the widows and orphans left by the losses of life which have been constantly reported. Letters are often received from distant points, bearing witness to the encouragement received from our meetings, and it seems to be a comfort to the Christian sailor to know that he is constantly remembered in the Bethel meeting.

"Let the Lower Lights be Burning!"

"Each Bethel meeting becomes a section of one great sailors' meeting being held all over the world, and owing to the constant change of place of the members the same sailor may appear during the year in many Bethels. How important it is that each of them should keep 'the lower lights burning!'"

Siam.

BANGKOK.

Readers of the MAGAZINE will recall the fact that our Board of Trustees last summer commissioned Mr. G. G. GRAHAM as missionary to seamen at this port. Communications from Mr. G. to the Society, show faithful efforts on his part to discharge the trust reposed in his hands, in this ministry of the Gospel. He wrote, December 31st:—

"Owing to the lateness of the harvest, this year, there have been few foreign vessels at this port, and these have mostly been those which have been out in the East for two, three, or four years. On visiting them, I found that nearly all of them had discharged their European crews and had shipped natives, that is, Malays, Japan-

ese, or Chinamen. Especially is this the case with English vessels, having one or more of their owners living in the East, or when the captain is part owner of the vessel. During the last quarter of the year this is generally the case with vessels which come to Bangkok, but as soon as the harvest is gathered, vessels of all nationalities arrive, as they are beginning to do now, and they generally continue to arrive for the next seven or eight months. Then the slack time commences, when the fish season begins, and Dutch vessels and others having native crews come for fish.

Aid From Missionaries.

"The missionaries here have kindly given me a supply of reading-matter for distribution among seamen, some of which I have given on board vessels, but not so much as I might have done had I not been compelled by an attack of ophthalmia to remain much at home. My eyes are still weak, and cannot bear a strong light, but I hope that ere another fortnight passes, they will be all right and strong.

"One of the missionaries, Rev. S. J. SMITH, who has service in the Siamese language every Sabbath in the chapel, about five minutes' walk from my house, has promised to conduct that service in the English language whenever I may deem it necessary to do so for the benefit of seamen. Other missionaries in the field have engaged to let me have all the reading matter that they can spare, for use in my work, and to render me any assistance which I may from time to time require in the work."

On the 20th January, Mr. Graham wrote:—

Plenty of Work—Reading-Room Opened.

"Vessels with English-speaking crews are now arriving almost daily, and my work is going on. The missionaries here are supplying me with what papers and books they can spare, and I have opened a Library and Reading-Room for seamen, which I hope will be of great benefit to them. Of course, it is but the day of small things, but small beginnings oftentimes produce great results. Men from the vessels in port meet at the Reading-Room, and the evening is passed in reading, and closed with a prayer-meeting."

At Stations In the United States.

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.

Captain ANDREW BARTLETT, the lately deceased missionary to sailors, left a very

carefully drawn will, in which he provides that, under certain conditions, the Boston Seamen's Friend Society shall receive \$10,000 for the maintenance of a

chaplain or missionary for the Marine Hospital in Chelsea, "provided the teaching of said chaplain or missionary shall be evangelical," and Captain Bartlett desires that such chaplain "shall have before followed the seafaring life."

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.

In January, February and March, '82, Mr. DE WITT C. SLATER, sailor missionary, paid 2,075 visits to vessels of all classes, 758 to Seamen's Boarding Houses, 20, to Hospitals and Asylums, and attended 141 day and evening meetings, of which he conducted 79. Much of his labor is performed along the Brooklyn water front, and he speaks as follows of his ministrations to one class of boatmen, and their families:—

With Canal Boatmen.

"I have been a good deal among the families on board canal boats, with the invitation to send their children to the Sabbath school. This is of great importance, seeing that many children accompany their parents, and remain with them on their boats, while lying up during the winter season. During my visits I meet with some, whom I know to have become Christians, and who delight in the service of the Lord. Others by their words and deportment show plainly that they 'are not far from the kingdom of God.'

A Great Change.

"One of the many manifestations of God's grace and power to subdue the natural heart is found in the case of a seaman who has charge of a ballast lighter, a man whom I have known in my visits for years. As I presented myself, with my papers, at the cabin door, he ran up, as I supposed, to strike me,—but I became surprised as he said, hurriedly,—'Come down, come down!' His wife greeted me at the foot of the companion-ladder with joy beaming in her eyes, as he continued, almost in one breath, 'here,'—as he held out a piece of money, 'give me some of your good papers. Wife, set the table, let's have prayer first.' As we sat down I said,—'Why, my dear brother, the papers are as free as the Gospel air you breathe.'

"Afterwards he spoke of the good in-

fluence of my past visits, of religious reading, of his convictions for sin, and his final conversion in the Water Street Mission. We kneeled, and in turn engaged in prayer. His Christian wife, all through, had borne with fortitude her severe trials, and now offered up a fervent prayer of thanksgiving to God. I might have doubted, during this heavenly interview, as the Adversary suggested to my mind in words,—'this change is too great to be genuine,'—had it not been that I looked upon the placid face of this once wicked man, at he sat now, 'clothed and in his right mind,' and saw the impress of the work of the Divine, and heard a voice speaking,—'I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions:—'Neither shall any man pluck thee out of my hand.' Since my visit I have received a letter from him telling of his steadfastness in the faith, and of their happy union, as a family in Christ.

A Special Gift Doing Good Work.

"The little scrap-book made from pictures left by the dear boy who 'went on before,' and given by his mother for the use of sick seamen, is going its rounds from patient to patient, in the Hospital at Bedloe's Island. It is well kept. 'I have just put it into the hands of a sick man to read,' said the steward who has it in charge, and added,—'I would like a library of about forty books of which I would gladly take charge and see that they were well cared for. I know they would be read and appreciated by many of the patients.'

Conversions of Seamen.

"At the services held in the Chapel at the Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street, New York, several seamen have lately been converted. Of the number a few went to sea in the ship *Daniel Barnes*. These men are in real earnest to serve their Master, and doubtless the good captain of the ship with their aid and the grace of God, will be instrumental in winning the unconverted portion of his crew to Christ before the end of the voyage. Our prayer is that the record of this present voyage of this good (Bethel) ship may be even greater than that of the last, when so many precious souls were led to Christ under their Christian captain, who again goes out in command.

Influences for the Good of Seamen in the Port of New York.

"A gentleman asked me how it was that so many seamen of all nationalities

found their way to this port. I said that I supposed, as I heard many of them say in the meetings while testifying to their conversion, that they 'had to come to America to get converted.' Here is a truth worth notice. Surely the continued kind invitations and welcomes given, the earnest efforts in their behalf put forth while they are here, and when in distant lands the correspondences held by letter, all these have much to do in drawing these seamen to us. These and other means used do make themselves known to the recipients, and they in turn make the facts known for the first time to others, when abroad. So their heart-longings begin, and increase for the land of Bibles and Gospel liberty, until they come here, and soon their voices are heard in song of praise and thanksgiving to God, until they go forth to win others to Christ. Thus we pray, may it ever be, until 'the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto God.'"

It gives us great pleasure to say that our much esteemed friend, Mr. C. A. BORELLA, who has been absent from the Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street, on a visit to Denmark, his native country, is now back at his post, and that he has resumed his labor as sailor missionary, in the old spirit of faithful consecration which always made his work effective.

GLIMPSES OF THE WORK AMONG SEAMEN OF ALL NATIONS, in the Mariner's Church of the Port of New York, 46 Catharine Street. January, 1882, pp. 48.

This is the 64th Annual Report of the New York Port Society, and exhibits the prosecution of its work by the same methods which have been practiced for many years, testifying also to the same results of blessing from God upon effort put forth to lead seamen to Christ which its other recent Reports have chronicled. The Reading-Room, (cor. Catharine and Madison Streets,) becomes more and more a resort of seamen while in port. All the stores under the church edifice on which it is situated, are now occupied for the religious work of the Society, a new Lecture Room having been added to previous accommodations, during the year past.

Many pages of the Report are devoted to narration of incidents and experiences illustrating the labor performed, in detail. Four hundred and ninety-five seamen applied for admission to the church during 1881, and eighty-nine of them were received to full membership. The money resources for the year, were \$13,065 76,—(balance on hand Jan. 1st, '81, \$1,157.96), expenditures \$12,848 08. Statistics for the year were:—

Visits to Reading-Room, 40,842; visits to vessels, 48,837; visits to boarding-houses, 14,500; signed the pledge, 1,286; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 2,120; letters written by seamen, 3,240; number of libraries afloat, 260; received into church on confession, 89; received into church on probation, 406.

The Annual Report of the Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen in this port was made at its annual meeting, at Trinity Chapel, April 10th. Receipts during the past year were \$9,033.52, and the expenditures \$9,064.83. Between 600 and 700 men had been entertained at the Sailors' Home, in Pearl St., and they had deposited nearly \$20,000 of their wages with the Superintendent for safe keeping. As heretofore, two chapels and three mission houses, with reading and lecture rooms, were maintained. The results of the year, although the number of seamen in port was small, were satisfactory, and the work of the missionaries of the Society—the Revs. R. J. Walker, T. A. Hyland, and Isaac Maguire—was commended. The Rev. Robert J. Walker, of the Floating Church of Our Savior, made a report in which he said he could hardly remember the time when so few seamen were in this port, and their services were in so great demand as during the past year. The aggregate attendance for the year at the church was 3,260. Many were converted, and carried away the Scriptures to read on their long voyages. The names of more than 200 seamen were recorded in the list of communicants, but owing to the nature of their following, not more than eight or ten were present at a time to use their influence among the men of their class. The Floating Church Temperance Society is performing a good work. Hundreds of seamen have been reformed, and many of them have risen to the positions of masters, mates, and officers of some of the finest ships that sailed the sea. The So-

ciety numbered 4,748, of which 4,512 were seamen. Several libraries, each consisting of about 40 volumes, had been placed in different vessels, and the captain loaned them to the crew. The number of services held in the church was 103, and in the Pike Street Mission House, 85; baptisms, 18; marriages, 24, and burials, 14. Of the books distributed there were 34 Bibles, 326 Testaments in ten languages, 302 Prayer Books, 410 miscellaneous books in ten different languages, and 4,000 tracts.

The old Board of Officers of the Society was re-elected, with Bishop POTTER as President.

Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.

"Not even in midwinter," says the *Times Democrat* of 9th April, "before the departure of the shipping, were the meetings at chaplain PEASE'S 'Lower Bethel' more numerous or interesting than they have been the past week. One peculiarity from the first has been the large number of Scandinavian, German, and other foreign sailors, who knew but little of our language, often attending, when not attending the meetings held in their own language."—The Seventeenth Anniversary of our Auxiliary Society was held at the Lower Bethel, March 26th. Addresses were made by chaplain PEASE, and by Rev. W. S. ALEXANDER.—The chaplain having held Sabbath services for three months on the U. S. S. *Kearsarge*,—on the departure of the vessel, Commander WHITE addressed to him an appreciative note in view of his faithful efforts for the spiritual welfare of the crew.

Portland, Oregon; Our Pacific Coast, Etc.

A N. Y. *Tribune* reporter who lately talked with Lieutenant SCHWATKA, prints the following utterances of his concerning a city where our Christian work for sailors has been greatly blessed, and about a region which will soon call more and more

loudly for the increase of effort, on our part, to give the Gospel to seamen.

"The City of Portland, in Oregon, is proportionately the third wealthiest city in the world. If you consider essential wealth, it is probably first, because the removal of the Rothschilds from Frankfurt would at once take that city from the first place, which it now occupies, and the wealth of Hartford, which stands second on the list, is largely represented by paper. Just as soon, however, as the Northern Pacific opens up that country, hundreds of immigrants will pour into it to represent the wealth there, and this high average will be reduced. At present it is isolated to a great extent.

"What are the prospects of the Northern Pacific?" asked the reporter.

"Those working on it assert that it will be completed by the end of this year. This is, I believe, a somewhat too sanguine estimate. But in a year from now I do not doubt that the road will be finished. About five-eighths of the whole length of the 1,600 miles are done now. From Duluth it extends west to Bismarck, and southwest almost to the Yellowstone country. From Portland it already stretches east across Oregon and the narrow strip of Idaho, into Montana. About 600 miles of the road are still unbuilt. The Helena Tunnel, as it is called, will probably cause as much delay as anything else. Work has been continued right through the winter. What has already been accomplished is almost unparalleled in the history of railroad construction."

Sea Wonders.

A friend directs our attention to the fact that the ship *Tucoma*, of Bath, Me., on which we placed Loan Library No. 7,269, prior to her voyage to San Francisco, Cal., is now up for repairs at that port, having been struck in lat. 11° N., long. 110°, by a whirlwind, which instantaneously and completely carried away her foremast and main and mizzen top-gallant masts. It was 9 o'clock at night, and unusually calm for the latitude. The captain was in his cabin, and all the officers and men were below, except those whose immediate and regular duty obliged them to be on deck on ordinary watch. The weather gave no warning, the sky no premonitions of unusual danger; nothing

indicated a war of atmospheric elements, when, as if struck with a thunderbolt, the spars, masts, rigging and sails went crashing by the side. The spars were not snapped in two, as is usual in sudden accidents of this nature, but were twisted like willows into shreds.

And while in the vein of setting down the freaks of Nature, we may add to the above that between the mouth of the Mississippi and Galveston, about ten or fifteen miles to the southwest of Sabine pass, is a place in the Gulf of Mexico, which is commonly called the "Oil Ponds," by the captains of the small craft that ply in that locality. There is no land within fifteen miles, and yet such is the effect of the oil thus cast upon the waters by the lavish hand of nature that even in the severest storms the sea in the Oil Ponds is comparatively smooth. So well is this known that when the small vessels that trade between Calcasieu, Grange, Sabine, Beaumont and Galveston, fail to make a harbor at Galveston or Sabine they run off for the oil wells, let go their anchors, and ride out the gale in safety. The oil covers the water in a thick scum, and apparently, rises from the bed of the gulf, which at that point is not more than fifteen or eighteen feet below the surface.

Reports, Etc.

LIVERPOOL, Eng., SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY; SIXTIETH ANNUAL. 1881.

Services were held in City Bethels, during the year, to the number of 364, with an attendance of 18,200. Three hundred and twelve week-night services were also held, with an attendance of 6,500. Tracts were distributed among seamen, to the number of 80,000. The Mission for Scandinavian seamen was successfully prosecuted. Eight hundred and twenty-two libraries were sent out, and 708 returned, an addition of 85 new libraries, which makes the total stock of the Society, 1,222. Ship-owners contributed to the Library

Fund, £49, 16s, 6d., and ships' crews, £377, 19s, 4d. About £1,800 were used in the Society's work for the twelvemonth.

Miss AGNES WESTON'S (Devonport, Eng., Sailor's Rest,) "Monthly Letter" to Officers, Seamen and Marines of the U. S. Navy for March, 1882, is supplemented, under the same cover, with the hymn, "Christ's Call to the Sailor," by our friend, Rev. Dr. EDWARD HOPPER, first published in this MAGAZINE in February last.

Sailors' Home, New York,

190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

MARCH, 1882.

Total arrivals.....	225
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$1,378

of which \$640 was sent to relatives and friends, \$125 was placed in Savings Banks, and \$648 was returned to depositors.

Planets for May, 1882.

MERCURY is in conjunction with the Sun about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 2nd, and during the remainder of the month is an evening star; is in conjunction with Saturn at about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 4th, being 2° 22' north; is in conjunction with Jupiter on the morning of the 13th at about 2 o'clock, being 2° 16' north; is in conjunction with the Moon at 18m before noon of the 18th, being 3° 33' north; is at its greatest brilliancy on the evening of the 28th when it sets at 9h. 13m., and north of west 34° 36'; is in conjunction with Venus at 7 o'clock on the forenoon of the 30th, being W. N. W. 1° 43'.

VENUS is an evening star during the whole of this month, setting on the 1st at 8h. 22m., and north of west 27° 5'; is in conjunction with Jupiter about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 5th, being 59' north; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 18th at 8h. 26m., being 2° 45' north.

MARS is an evening star setting at 43m. past midnight on the morning of the 1st, and north of west 30° 44'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 22nd at 7h. 20m., being 6° 46' north.

JUPITER is an evening star setting on the 1st at 8h. 35m., and north of west 26° 53'; is in con-

junction with the Moon on the evening of the 17th at 7h. 36m., being on the same declination, and at this time, is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 38° north and 19° south; is in conjunction with the Sun at about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 30th, and after this becomes a morning star.

SATURN is an evening star during the forepart of the month setting on the 1st at 7h. 5m., and north of west 19° 10'; is in conjunction with the Sun about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 6th, and after this becomes a morning star during the remainder of the month; is in conjunction with the Moon at 7m. past noon on the 16th, being 3° 16' south.

New York University.

R H. B.

Marine Disasters, March, 1882.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month was 41, of which 20 were wrecked, 6 foundered, 3 burned, 6 abandoned and 6 are missing. The list comprises 1 steamer, 5 ships, 17 barks, 4 brigs and 14 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$848,760. Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those designated by a *w* were wrecked, *f* foundered, *m* missing and *b* burned.

STEAMER.

Sidney L. Wright, *f*. from New York for Porto Rico.

SHIPS.

Martha Bowker, *a*. from Philadelphia for Portland.

Valiant, *b*. from Hong Kong for New York.

Screamer, *f*. from Philadelphia for New Orleans.

Roxellana, *a*. from Hull for San Francisco.

Hannah Morris, *w*. from New York for London.

BARKS.

Cosmos, *w*. from Fernandina for Montevideo.

W. J. Stairs, *w*. from Liverpool for New York.

H. D. Brookman, *a*. from New York for London.

Inca, *m*. from New York for Hamburg.

Northern Queen, *w*. from Wilmington, N. C. for Granton.

Maggie Horton, *w*. from Matanzas for Philadelphia.

Lois, *w*. from Rotterdam for Philadelphia.

Frank Marion, *w*. At Montevideo.

Lia, *w*. from Buenos Ayres for Pensacola.

Severo, *w*. from Aberdeen for Pensacola.

Bulwark, *f*. from Yokohama for Puget Sound.

Lightning, *m*. from New York for London.

Alexandria, *a*. from Maryport for Doboy.

City of Dunedin, *m*. from Pensacola for Cardiff.

James McCarty, *m*. from Philadelphia for Boston.

Kate, *a*. from Pensacola for Montevideo.

Grahams Polly, *b*. from New York for Konigsberg.

BRIGS.

Fannie H. Jennings, *w*. from Orchilla for New London.

Jennie Morton, *a*. from Wilmington, N. C. for Baltimore.

Thetis, *w*. from Bonaire for New York.

Prima Donna, *w*. At Pensacola.

SCHOONERS.

Hannah M. Lollis, *w*. from Savannah for New York.

Two Fannies, *w*. Coaster for Point no Point.

E. W. Bonnell, *w*. from New York for Cienfuegos.

Harry C. Whorf, *f*. from Baltimore for Georgetown, S. C.

Bellerophon, *m*. Fisherman.

Roena Arabell, *w*. from San Andreas for New York.

E. A. Elliott, *w*. from Winterport for Boston.

Tracey Jane, *w*. from Cape Haytien for Delaware Breakwater.

Fannie E. Lawrence, *w*. from Apalachicola for Philadelphia.

Prussian General, *w*. from St. John, N. B. for Boston.

Sunbeam, *b*. At Gloucester.

Wakuzza, *m*. from New York for St. John, N. B.

May Eveline, *f*. from New Orleans, at Ruatan.

Martha Collins, *w*. from West Point for New York.

Of the above, 1 steamer, 3 ships, 4 barks, 3 brigs, and 10 schooners were owned wholly in the United States, and their total value is estimated at \$346,000.

Receipts for March, 1882.

MAINE.

Bridgeton, Cong. church.....	\$ 5 00
Bucksport, Capt. J. G. Stover.....	1 00
Farmington, Cong. church and Soc'y.	7 00
North Bridgeton, Cong. church.....	4 75

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bedford, Pres. church.....	5 16
Chester, Cong. church and Society...	5 00
Manchester, Helen Wallace.....	1 00
Rindge, Jason B. Perry.....	1 00
Rye, Cong. church.....	6 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover, South church.....	50 00
Boston, Schr. Frank Leming, Capt. Thompson.....	2 00

Schr. <i>Andrew Edwards</i> , Capt. Dorr- ridge.....	1 00	Mrs. H. M. Wiggins.....	25
Brighton, G. Fuller.....	1 00	Claverack, Mrs. T. R. Van Deusen.....	5 00
Brockton, Cong. S. S.....	10 00	Homer, Cong. church.....	18 65
Chicopee Falls, 2nd ch., for libraries..	40 08	Madison, Cong. church.....	3 00
Dorchester, Miss E. Pierce.....	1 00	New Lebanon, Pres. and Cong. ch. and Cong'n.....	9 00
East Longmeadow, Miss Lucinda Hill, for library.....	20 00	New Paltz, Ref. church.....	6 00
East Medway, Cong. church.....	10 50	New York City, Miss S. Rhinelander..	50 00
Hatfield, Cong. church.....	49 00	Mrs. Jonathan Sturges.....	25 00
Hopkinton, Cong. church.....	49 75	W. B. Dinsmore, for library.....	25 00
Housatonic, Rev. E. J. Giddings.....	10 00	E. D. Morgan.....	25 00
Ipswich, Two Friends in South ch....	2 10	Naylor & Co.....	25 00
Lenox, Cong. church.....	50 00	Stamford Mfg. Co.....	25 00
Longmeadow, Ladies' Benev. Soc'y..	16 15	Wm. P. Douglas.....	25 00
Malden, 1st Cong. church, Friends for books.....	5 00	John T. Terry.....	25 00
Marion, S. D. Hadley.....	5 00	Frederick Billings.....	25 00
Millbury, 1st church.....	12 35	David Dows.....	25 00
Newburyport, Ladies' Bethel Society, for library.....	20 00	Anson Phelps Stokes.....	25 00
North Adams, Cong. church.....	10 00	Cash.....	20 00
Northampton, A Friend.....	25 00	Geo. F. Betts.....	15 00
1st Church of Christ, add'l.....	1 54	"Lyons," to refit Library No. 7,097, H. W. Loud & Co.....	12 00
Palmer, 2nd church.....	10 00	Thomas Scott.....	10 00
Plymouth, Pilgrim church.....	58 04	Geo. F. Baker.....	10 00
Rehoboth, Cong. church and Soc'y..	1 00	Ezra White.....	10 00
Rockport, Cong. church, add'l, J. A. Appleton.....	5 00	F. H. Cossitt.....	10 00
Somerville, Prospect Hill church, for library.....	20 74	Robert Jaffray.....	10 00
Springfield, S. S., to const. Justin L. Lewis, Life Member.....	32 54	Theodore Gilman.....	10 00
Olivet church.....	32 29	Jared Linsly, M. D.....	10 00
Townsend, Cong. S. S.....	5 00	Fred. F. Thompson.....	10 00
Walpole, Cong. church.....	33 32	George S. Fraser.....	10 00
Watertown, Union S. S. Concert, for Temperance Documents.....	13 58	J. S. Holt.....	10 00
West Attleboro, 1st church.....	3 44	D. D. Lord.....	10 00
Whitinsville, Cong. church and Soc'y, of wh. for libraries, \$60.....	224 06	Cash.....	10 00
Woburn, R. R. Richardson's S. S. class, for library.....	20 00	O. P. C. Billings.....	5 00
RHODE ISLAND.		D. B. Whitlock.....	5 00
Bristol, Mrs. M. D. W. Rogers, for lib's,	40 00	Mrs. L. P. Siebert.....	5 00
Little Compton, United Cong. church,	7 12	Zophar Mills.....	5 00
Providence, Union Cong. S. S. for lib's,	38 67	James Cruickshank.....	5 00
CONNECTICUT.		Wm. B. Kendall.....	5 00
Bloomfield, Cong. church.....	4 07	D. Clarkson.....	5 00
Enfield, 1st Cong. church.....	40 75	H. R.—Cash.....	5 00
Greenwich, S. S. Pres. church, for li- brary, per E. B. Cristy, Treasurer,	20 00	D. H.....	5 00
Groton, Cong. S. S., towards library,	9 72	Cash.....	5 00
New London, legacy of Wm. Williams late of Norwich, Conn., for per- manent fund investment, per Hen- ry R. Bond, Ex.....	1000 00	Cash.....	5 00
Norwich, Park Cong. church and So- ciety.....	74 27	Cash.....	5 00
A Friend, for three libraries in mem- ory of Mrs. M. H. Perkins.....	60 00	Capt. J. B. Newcomb, Bark J. B. Newcomb, for library work.....	2 00
Mrs. L. F. S. Foster, for library, as a memorial of her mother, Mrs. Sophia H. Lyman, of Northamp- ton, Mass.....	20 00	Capt. Young, Bark A. C. Bean, for library work.....	1 00
Sherman, Cong. church.....	14 31	Rome, 1st Pres. church.....	9 15
Wallingford, Cong. church.....	25 00	Tarrytown, 1st Ref. church.....	22 00
NEW YORK.		NEW JERSEY.	
Albany, Mary P. Roberts, for library, as a memorial of Miss Ellen C. Roberts, late of Albany, N. Y.....	20 00	Bernardsville, Memorial Library of Capt. John Parsons Smith, lost at sea, by his daughter.....	20 00
Brooklyn, Clinton Ave. Cong. church, of wh. \$30, from Mrs. Edward Earle, to const. Curtis Noble Earle a Life Member.....	300 18	Elizabeth, S. Shindler.....	20 00
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Mrs. H. D. Webb.....	50	Madison, Pres. church.....	37 00
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		Newark, 2nd Pres. church.....	8 00
		Geo. H. Brown.....	20 00
		Trenton, 3rd Pres. church.....	8 00
		DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.	
		Washington, Jane O. Mahon, for li- brary in memoriam Robert Car- ter Goodwin.....	20 00
		SANDWICH ISLANDS.	
		Hilo, Rev. Titus Coan and "Church in House," for library.....	20 00
		Springfield, Mass., Chas. Merriam, 100 copies Pilgrim's Progress, for seamen.....	\$3.427 69



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

From Harpers' Young People.

Sponges.

BY SARAH COOPER.

Sponges are so common and so familiar that many of us have used them all our lives without stopping to admire their curious and interesting structure, or to inquire into the history of their past lives. We may, indeed, have noticed that they can be squeezed into a very small space, and that they will return to their natural shape when the pressure is removed. We have perhaps noticed also that they are full of little holes or pores, and that they will absorb an astonishing quantity of water.

You know there has been a question whether sponges belong to the animal or to the vegetable kingdom. For a long time naturalists were in doubt about the matter, but it is now settled that they are animals, living and growing on the bottom of the ocean. The only part of the sponge that reaches us is the skeleton. The living sponge is a very different object. Shall we see what we can find out about it?

Upon naming the word "animal," a picture comes before our minds of some creature having a mouth to eat with, and eyes to see with, and possessing feet or wings, or some other means of moving

about; but the sponges are far from this. They are probably the lowest animals with which you are acquainted. They have no nerves, no heart, no lungs, no mouth, and no stomach.

Live sponges consist of jelly-like bodies united in a mass, and supported by a frame-work of horny fibres, and needle-shaped objects called "spicules," which we must examine further after a while. This jelly-like flesh, covering all parts of the skeleton, is about as thick as the white of an egg, but it decays immediately after the death of the sponge. During life the flesh presents many bright colors; in some species it is of a brilliant green, while in others it is orange, red, yellow, etc.

The frame-work varies in different kinds of sponge. In those which are valuable for our use it consists of horny fibres interwoven in all directions until they form a mass of lacy net-work. This you can easily see with the naked eye, but by looking through a microscope you will see beauty you had not imagined, and which but for this valuable instrument would never have been dreamed of. In our ordinary sponges these fibres are all that remain of the former living animal, the soft

flesh having been removed. It is found that the horny fibres are composed of a substance very similar to the silk of a silk-worm's cocoon. They are exceedingly tough and durable. Most of us have discovered that a good sponge becomes like an old and tried friend, and that unless it is abused it seems as if it might never wear out.

In looking at any sponge you will notice large holes through it, with many small pores scattered between them. The living sponge is constantly drawing in water at the small pores. This water passes through a set of branching canals, and is thrown out from the large holes on the surface. With a microscope little fountains may be seen constantly playing from the large holes of a living sponge. The circulation is kept up in the canals by the movement of "cilia," which are delicate threads waving gently but continually. The word cilia means "eyelashes"; let us remember it, for this is a name we shall often want to use. The stream of water thus passing through the sponge brings to every part of it small particles of food, and all the air it needs for breathing purposes.

Everything that lives must eat and breathe, but how is the sponge to eat without a mouth? When the food touches any part of its body, the soft, jelly-like flesh sinks in to form a little bag; at the same time the surrounding parts creep out over the morsel of food, until it is entirely covered and digested. After this the flesh returns to its original position, and any shell or other refuse that remains from the meal is washed away.

Sponges have a curious manner of producing their young. At certain seasons very small oval masses of jelly are formed on the inner surface of the canals, which finally drop off. They remain in the canals for a time, and become perfect eggs, after which they are thrown out by the stream issuing from the fountains, and instead of falling to the bottom, as we might suppose such helpless masses of jelly would do, they swim around as if they

meant to have a little sport before commencing the sober realities of life.

You will be interested to know that while these jelly-like eggs were resting in the canals of the parent sponge, delicate cilia (which we learned about just now) were forming at one end of the egg.—These cilia strike the water with a rapid motion, and the eggs are rowed about through it until they settle down and attach themselves to some rock or shell on the bottom of the ocean, and finally grow up into the perfect sponge. The waters are swarming with these eggs at certain seasons, and great quantities of them are eaten by larger animals.

Sponges are common in nearly all parts of the world, and they differ greatly in size and quality, but few species being useful to man. Some species are nearly round, others are always cup-shaped, some top-shaped, and some branched. A freshwater sponge is frequently found in our streams, growing upon sticks and stones. It is of a bright green, and when seen under the water in a flood of sunlight it is very pretty.

The spicules of sponges grow in a variety of elegant shapes, but they are visible only with a microscope. They are composed of lime or flint, and are generally sharp-pointed. They are embedded in the flesh as well as in the horny fibres, thus serving to protect the helpless creatures from being devoured by fish and other animals. In our fine sponges, the skeleton is almost destitute of spicules, while in some others the flesh is supported wholly by spicules, giving them so loose a texture that they are of no value for domestic purposes.

Fine sponges are used by physicians in surgical operations, and are sometimes very expensive. Should you at any time take a fancy to a dainty little sponge in the druggist's window, and step in, thinking to buy it, you will probably be surprised at the price asked for it. Our finest sponges come from the Mediterranean Sea and the Red Sea. They are obtained by

divers, who search for them under rocks and cliffs, and who remove them carefully with a knife, that they may not be injured. The Turks, who carry on the trade, have between four and five thousand men employed in collecting sponges. The value of the sponges annually collected is estimated at ninety thousand dollars. Coarse varieties are found in the Gulf of Mexico and the Bahama Islands. They are scraped off the rocks with forked instruments, and consequently they are often torn.

The demand for sponges has increased so much during the last few years that there is cause to fear the supply will be exhausted, unless some way can be found to cultivate them by artificial means. With this view, attempts have recently been made to raise sponges in the Adriatic Sea by taking cuttings from full-grown ones, and fastening them upon stones on the bottom of the ocean until they attach themselves. These experiments have been successful, but the operation is a delicate one, requiring great care not to bruise the

soft flesh. It is necessary to keep the sponge under sea-water during the process.

Some of the glass sponges are exceedingly beautiful. The delicate "Venus's flower-basket" grows in the deep sea near the Philippine Islands. It looks like spun glass woven into a beautiful pattern, and is so exquisite we can scarcely believe that it is the skeleton of a sponge.

The boring sponge spreads itself over the shells of oysters and mussels, boring them through and through, and dissolving the shell. It even bores into solid marble, and will, in time, utterly destroy it.

Flints are exceedingly hard substances—so hard that when we wish to be emphatic, we sometimes say that a thing is as hard as flint. Yet all the flints in the world are supposed to have been formed from soft sponges. By examining small pieces of flint under a microscope the texture of the sponge, in a fossil condition, is often clearly seen, and the spicules peculiar to sponges are recognized.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1882, was 7,499; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 7,717. The number of volumes in these libraries was 407,582, and they were accessible, by original shipment, to 291,193 men. Nine hundred and thirty-five libraries, with 33,660 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,195 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

During March, 1882, sixty-six loan libraries,—thirty-eight new and twenty-eight reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 7,495 to 7,517, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,315, 7,336, 7,337, 7,339, and 7,340, with Nos. 7,344 to 7,353, inclusive, at Boston.

The twenty-eight libraries reshipped were:—

No. 3,910,	No. 4,871,	No. 5,832,	No. 6,144,	No. 6,561,	No. 6,828,	No. 7,031,
" 4,103,	" 5,083,	" 5,841,	" 6,186,	" 6,606,	" 6,866,	" 7,097,
" 4,223,	" 5,106,	" 5,869,	" 6,347,	" 6,757,	" 6,912,	" 7,207,
" 4,425,	" 5,494,	" 5,882,	" 6,474,	" 6,777,	" 7,006,	" 7,262.

The Dying Soldier.

"Put me down," said a wounded soldier in the Crimea to his comrades, who were carrying him:—"put me down; do not take the trouble to carry me any further; I am dying.

They put him down and returned to the field. A few minutes after an officer saw the man weltering in his blood, and said to him:—"Can I do anything for you?" "Nothing thank you."

"Shall I get you a little water?" said the kind-hearted officer. "No, thank you, I am dying."

"Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?"

"I have no friends that you can write to. But there is one thing for which I would be much obliged. In my knapsack you will find a Testament; will you open it at the fourteenth chapter of John, and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with 'peace.' Will you read it?"

The officer did so and read the words:—

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Thank you, sir," said the dying man. "I have that peace; I am going to that Savior. God is with me; I want no more." These were his last words, and his spirit ascended to be with Him he loved.

Speak Gently.

A young lady had gone out for a walk, but forgot to take her purse with her. Presently she met a little girl with a basket on her arm.

"Please, miss, will you buy something from my basket?" said the girl, showing a variety of book-marks, watch-cases, needle books, etc.

"I am sorry I can't buy anything to-day," said the young lady. "I haven't any money with me. Your things look very pretty." She stopped a minute and

spoke a few kind words to the girl, and then, as she passed, she said again,—“I am very sorry I can't buy anything from you to-day.”

"O, miss," said the little girl, "you've done me just as much good as if you had. Most persons that I meet, say,—‘Get away with you!’ But you have spoken kindly to me, and I feel a heap better.”

That was "considering the poor." How little it costs to speak kind words, and how much they are worth. If we have nothing else to give, let us at least give love and sympathy.

"I FORGET a great many things which happened last year," said a little girl, tears running down her cheeks; "but I can't forget the angry words I spoke to my dear mother, who is now dead." My dear children, let your prayer be,—“Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.”

Morning Hymn.

The morning bright,
With rosy light,
Hath waked me up from sleep;
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side!

Oh! make me rest
Within Thy breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face!

American Seamen's Friend Society.

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Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary*.
WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer*.
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80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

District Secretary:—
Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.,
U. S. A.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828. INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an ANNUAL MEMBER of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars, at one time, a LIFE MEMBER. The payment of One Hundred Dollars, or of a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, makes a LIFE DIRECTOR. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is sent, when asked for, gratuitously, to Life-Members and Life-Directors, upon annual request for the same. It is also sent, gratuitously, to pastors of churches which take a yearly collection for the Society.

Form of a Bequest.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

Loan Libraries For Ships.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, New York, and at the Congregational House, Boston, Mass., at the shortest notice.—Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible-Society, 150 Nassau Street.

Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor.

Sailors' Homes and Private Boarding Houses.

Location.	Established by	Keepers.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 422 South Front St.	Penn. " " "	Capt. J. F. Gilbert.
WILMINGTON, N. C., Front & Dock Sts.	Wilm. " " "	Capt. Peter Smith.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society...	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Frnd Society.	David Swannack.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " "	E. Dunscombe.
HONOLULU, S. I.....	Honolulu " " "	
NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rode.
4 Catharine Lane, (Colored)	do.	G. F. Thompson.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners' House.	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St ..	Seamen's Aid Society	Mrs. Wingate and Son.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	Mr. & Mrs. H. G. O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 23 South Ann Street.....		Miss Ellen Brown.
GALVESTON, Texas, cor. Strand & 23 St.		

Mariners' Churches.

Location.	Sustained by	Ministers.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison..	New York Port Society ...	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
Foot of Pike Street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society...	" Robert J. Walker.
No. 365 West Street, N. R.....	" " " "	" T. A. Hyland.
Open air Service, Coenties Slip...	" " " "	" Isaac Maguire.
Oliver, cor. Henry Street	Baptist.....	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets...	Sea & Land. Presbyterian..	" E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, Van Brunt, n. President St.	Am. Sea. Friend Society...	" E. O. Bates.
" Navy Yard.....		" T. D. Williams.
BOSTON, North Square.....	Boston Port Society.....	" Cyrus L. Eastman.
Cor. Hanover and Fleet Streets...	Baptist Bethel Society.....	" H. A. Cooke.
Parmenter Street.....	Episcopal.....	" J. P. Pierce.
PORTLAND, ME., Fort St., n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Frnd Soc'y..	" F. Southworth.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St...	Prov. Sea. Friend Society..	" J. W. Thomas.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society.	" J. D. Butler.
PHILADELPHIA, c. Front & Union Sts.	Presbyterian	
Catharine Street.....	Episcopal.....	" W. B. Erben.
Front Street, above Navy Yard...	Baptist.....	
Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St.		" E. N. Harris.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice & Anna Sts ...	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y.	" Chas. McElfresh.
Cor. Light and Lee Streets	Baltimore S. B	" R. R. Murphy.
NORFOLK	American & Norfolk Sea. } Friend Societies. }	" J. B. Merritt.
WILMINGTON, N. C.....	Wilmington Port Society...	" James W. Craig.
CHARLESTON, Church, n. Water St...	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	" Wm. B. Yates.
SAVANNAH.....	" " " "	" Richard Webb.
MOBILE, Church Street near Water...		
NEW ORLEANS.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	" H. Pease.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal		" J. Rowell.
"	Chaplain Sailors' Home....	" E. A. Ludwick.
PORTLAND, Oregon.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	" R. S. Stubbs.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1883.

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OBJECTS AND METHODS OF THE SOCIETY.

- 1.—To improve the condition of seamen in every possible respect, and to SAVE THEIR SOULS.
- 2.—To sanctify commerce, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

1.—The preaching of the Gospel by missionaries and chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has its stations in JAPAN, the SANDWICH ISLANDS, GERMANY, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, and also upon the LABRADOR COAST, N. A., and will establish others as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to boatmen upon our inland waters, chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and SEAMEN'S FRIEND, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications is gratuitously furnished to chaplains and missionaries for distribution among seamen and others.—The Society also publishes the LIFE BOAT, for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—The provision of LOAN LIBRARIES, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated, as far as possible. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society, up to April 1st, 1881, is 7,111. Calculating 7,298 reshipments, their 391,070 volumes have been accessible to more than 278,840 men. Over twelve hundred hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sunday-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. Thousands of American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of SAILORS' HOMES, READING ROOMS, SAVINGS' BANKS, the distribution of BIBLES, TRACTS, &c. The SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, reconstructed, refurnished, and reopened in 1880, and is now unsurpassed by any SAILORS' HOME in the world. It has accommodated 98,000 boarders, and has saved to seamen and their relatives, more than \$1,500,000. Its moral and religious influence cannot be fully estimated, but very many seamen, (not less than one hundred, since January, 1880,) have there been led to Christ. Shipwrecked sailors are constantly provided for at the HOME. A missionary of the Society is in attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings.